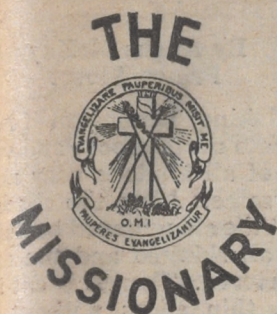


INDIANS BACK FAMILY PRAYER DRIVE

12th YEAR — Nos. 8-9

Aug., Sept.



THE INDIAN RECORD

ST. BONIFACE, MAN.

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Father Peyton Counts "Tepee" Support

Father Patrick Peyton has a place in his heart for the Indians of Canada. At the meeting which took place in the city of Western Canada to prepare for the Family Rosary Crusade, he was always anxious to meet the Indian delegates, to talk with them, answer their questions and have his picture taken with them. "I know that you will tell your people why they should say the beads together in their homes every day," Father Peyton told Chief Flatfoot at the Winnipeg meeting in August. He said how glad he was to meet again a group of Indian leaders like the ones he met at the meetings in Alberta (Alberta group shown at left). Flatfoot and his uncle were introduced by Father Plamondon of Camperville. Joseph Roulette had come with Fathers Beaulieu, Florentin and Lambert of Sandy Bay. When he heard that some of the ladies had come along too, not knowing that the meeting was only for men, Father Peyton smiled. "Let them stay, too," he said, "so they can remind the men about the Crusade." Mrs. Leuvrault, Thordarson, Roy and Gaudry stayed for the talks and dinner. The men promised Father Peyton that they would start the beads in their own homes and encourage all the others to do the same thing.

His Own Story

Father Peyton, a big man with a boyish face, kind blue eyes and dark red hair, is the heart of the Crusade. Everywhere he tells of his home in Ireland where he

would pray the beads with his father and mother and brothers and sisters, every day, from the time that he could talk. He learned about God and Jesus and Mary this beautiful way and saw God's blessings on the home for the nineteen years he spent there. Then he came to America and worked in a coal mine and as a church janitor until one day when he felt that he might be able to become a priest. After studying eleven years he became sick with T.B. and was given the choice between big operations and prayer. He prayed to Mary and was cured. He had so many blessings through Mary the Mother of Jesus that he promised to spend his whole life getting people to say thank you to God through Mary for all the blessings everybody receives, twenty-four hours a day. He wants people to pray the beads together so the children will learn about God and Jesus and Mary like he did, so the parents and the family will be happy like his was and so that in every home, in 10,000,000 homes of the world, people will kneel down in the morning or in the evening after supper and give ten minutes back to God.

The Target

All the Catholics and others who want to in Western Canada are invited by Father Peyton to pledge themselves to do this from now on. That is the target of the Family Rosary Crusade starting September 4 in the provinces of Manitoba, Alberta, British Columbia, the Northwest Territories and Alaska. Thousands of Indians in reserves and in the schools will join in the Crusade. The children will have special programs of songs, plays, talks, contests. The sick people will be asked to offer their sufferings and death if necessary for the success of the Crusade. Men will be organized into a big army of "salesmen for Mary" who will plan and pray and then go out to the homes and offer pledges to be signed by the families. Every Catholic will receive the Crusade weekly paper "Time" during the Crusade. Prayer will come again into homes, whether tepees or bungalows, children will know what religion is, parents will give up bad habits and learn to love each other again, the homes will become little heavens where God will be welcome and the homes will be safe from evil men and ideas. The country will be made more pleasing to God and this may be all He wants to spare the world from the horrors of a third World War.

Wonderful!

Missionaries have told Father Peyton that the Indian people will be in the front rank of the Crusade. They have always been devoted to the Blessed Virgin Mary, they love their homes and families, they need only a little encouragement to pray more, together. Indian children will be enthusiastic about the Crusade and one of them may even win the grand essay prize, a beads blessed by the Pope and a personal letter from Bing Crosby. And Father Peyton says, "Isn't that wonderful?"

(Rev. Fr. G. Laviolette, O.M.I., editor of the Indian Missionary Record, has been chosen to be editor of the French edition of the Crusade paper, Time. Members of the staff of the Oblate Fathers, Canadian Publishers, Winnipeg, will edit the Record in the interval. Co-operation of missionaries and of readers is invited to help maintain subscriptions, news and other contents at a high level, in order that Father Laviolette may devote all his time to the Crusade. This is a practical way to help Father Peyton realize his dream. Ed.)

FATHER PEYTON MEETS ALBERTA DELEGATES



One of Father Peyton's greatest pleasures at the meetings being held in Western Canada to prepare for the Family Rosary pledges is to meet the Indian delegates. (See story next column.)

SANDY BAY WELCOMES VISITORS



Treaty days in Northern Manitoba were featured by the daily papers this year with stories and pictures. Father J. Lambert, O.M.I., of Sandy Bay is shown chatting with Chief George Sutherland (upper left) while Mr. Gowans and Mr. Russell make the payments (upper right) under the vigilant eye of Councillors John and Alex Roulette. Jim Desjarlais, (lower left) told reporters about his 12 acres of oats and other sources of revenue. The school (lower right) was the centre of activity. (See story, page three). (Tribune Photos)

T.B. DEATH RATE AMONG INDIANS SHOWS DECLINE

WALPOLE ISLAND, Ont., — Health Minister Martin said here that Canada is slowly winning the fight against the major health problem among the Indians — tuberculosis.

In an address prepared for delivery at the Indian fair on this reservation, Mr. Martin said there has been a steady decline in the T.B. death rate among Indians in the last few years.

"The death rate from this disease among Indians is more than 10 times as high as that for the rest of Canada's population," he said.

"However, we now have good news and a better outlook for the future. In the last three years for which figures are available, the Indian death rate for tuberculosis has declined across Canada from 564 in 1945 to 480 in 1948."

Modern Hospital For James Bay

OTTAWA, — A modern, 120-bed hospital to serve the Indian population around James Bay will be completed and ready for use next spring.

A health department official said the hospital, being built at Moose Factory at a cost of \$1,500,000 will be used as the centre of a health program for the whole area.

Catholics of James Bay area already have excellent hospitals, staffed by the famous Grey Nuns, at Moosonee and Fort George.

First Indian Electeted To B.C. Legislature

STEWART, B.C., July 8. — A reversal in the far northern British Columbia constituency of Atlin put the first native Indian in a Canadian legislature.

A six-vote majority for C.C.F. candidate Frank Calder in the final count also gives the provincial C.C.F. party another seat in the legislature.

Calder, 33-year-old University of British Columbia theology graduate, is a member of the Nash River tribe. His father is chief of chiefs.

The election was the first in which native Indians were permitted to vote.

(Comment in Next Issue)

NEXT ISSUE

In our next issue we will carry an interview with Chief Thunderbird, the famous wrestler of Kuper Island, B.C., about his career and about his experiences as a Catholic. We will also publish an eye-witness report on the Winnipeg Jubilee as written by Noreen Spence, Sandy Bay, one of the happy visitors from that school.

THE INDIAN MISSIONARY RECORD

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC PUBLICATION FOR THE INDIANS OF CANADA

REV. G. LAVIOLETTE, O.M.I., EDITOR.

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Martyrs Tercentenary

The numerous pilgrimages of Indians to the Canadian Martyrs' Shrine, at Midland, Ontario, mark a very glorious anniversary. It was from Quebec, three hundred years ago, that the Jesuit missionaries first set out to evangelize the tribes of natives. Of the eight martyrs, four gave their lives exactly three hundred years ago, Saints Charles Garnier, Jean de Brebeuf, Gabriel Lalemant and Noel Chabanel. The others died earlier.

This year marks also the abandonment of Fort Ste. Marie and of the whole brave effort to evangelize the Hurons. Much later the preaching of the Gospel was begun anew in the whole of Ontario, and a rosary of missions now dots the area where the valiant Jesuit missionaries pioneered in face of the greatest difficulties.

The Canadian Martyrs endured fearful hardships and suffered terrible deaths; their death seemed to mark an utter failure. Yet three hundred years later a beautiful shrine is erected to honor the men who sacrificed their lives so that the birth of the Church in Canada may be consecrated by the blood of martyrs.

The celebrations staged on the Midland Hill, near the site of the former Fort Sainte Marie, have drawn over 30,000 spectators during the last week of July, who have admired the romantic, dramatic and tragic scenes of Huronia, three hundred years ago. They have received there the greatest lesson in the inscrutable ways of God. It is not necessary in this life that we should be comfortable, long-lived, successful; the only necessary thing is that we should seek always to do the will of God and to be obedient unto Him, even if the sacrifice of our life is required.

The most terrible foe we now face is that of Communism... the real red peril which rears its ugly head over the whole of Europe and most of Asia. May our present day Christians draw from the example set by the Canadian Martyrs, the courage they need to fight

A Pledge Redeemed

Ocankugahe

The monotony of the Treaty conversations was enlivened, now and then, by the complex psychology of the Indians. Among the colorful figures of the days of the Treaty there was Chief Kawakajush.

The Chief was not only endowed with a compelling personality, but he was also a gifted orator. Pointing to his exhibits, a piece of turf on which a sapling was planted, and a small rock conveniently placed nearby, Chief Kawakajush enquired if his ears had not heard right: They, the Treaty Commissioners, wanted to buy his lands. . . .

He hurled the disquieting challenge: "How can you buy my lands, when you have not the price even for the wool on this turf, neither for this tree nor for this rock?"

With the adroitness of a skilful orator, Chief Kawakajush emphasized his point by these symbols, alluding to the unlimited natural resources of his country.

In reply, the Treaty Commissioners told the Chief that their mission was to negotiate for the surrender of their lands, so that these lands could be developed and made productive for their mutual benefit.

"We have the tools," the Commissioner added, "and you have the wherewithal. When these things come to pass, you will have houses, white man's houses—with the magic windows on all the walls. Furthermore, you will have magic windows in your barns. . . ."

Doesn't this sound like a piece of Cervantes' fabulous tale of the eccentric Don Quixote with his wild promises to his squire, and simple and deluded Pancho? So the sophisticated Indians thought, just another legend, another fairy tale to regale them with to while away the long winter evenings around the camp fires.

But listen! What was that noise? What are those strange noises? Is it the tik-tik-a-tik serenade of a woodpecker pecking at a hollow stump? Or is it the rhythmic throbbing of the tom-toms in the medicine lodge?

It was neither of these sounds, familiar to the Indians' ears. It was the staccato of the carpenters' hammers. The glad tidings travelled swiftly from reserve to reserve that the long-awaited promise was at hand, that the "Great White Father" had a long memory, and that in fulfilment of that promise pledged to their forefathers, 70 years ago, sanitary and modern homes were springing up like mushrooms on all the reserves in Canada.

Perhaps only a handful of Indians who are still living remember the promise, but, nonetheless, it was a promise pregnant with hope. Now the Indians are fully vindicated in their unwavering faith in the "Great White Father," even though, perhaps, they were kindred spirits to the inimitable soul of patience, the biblical patriarch, Job.

Career of Oblate Missionary Spells Adventure and Courage

By IAN MacDONALD in "The Ensign"



EDMONTON — Courage and resourcefulness are not merely characteristics of Fr. Alfred Marie Gathy, O.M.I. They are accomplishments of a lifetime of adventurous living.

Any idea that priesthood may mean a secluded life in cloistered halls is contradicted by the excitement-filled career of this Oblate Father, veteran missionary in Canada's Arctic hinterland which stretches from the Alaska boundary to the eastern shore of Baffin Island. And his courage and resourcefulness have merited for him a respect akin to veneration from Whites and Indians alike.

The spirit of adventure was awakened in Father Gathy in the early years of World War I when he was studying for the priesthood in a seminary in his native Belgium. His patriotic conscience led him to serve British Intelligence behind the German lines. He admits now that it was "dangerous work" but adds with an amused grin, "no one ever suspected a student priest of 'playing a double' . . . what you call it?"

In 1929, ten years after ordination, he headed for Canada's North because, he says with a merry chuckle, "I was too wild for the old country."

Knows No Discretion

It would have been the part of discretion for a tenderfoot to travel into the sub-Arctic via established water transport, but discretion is not in the Gathy vocabulary. From Fort Smith on the Athabasca, far to the northeast of Edmonton, Father Gathy canoed the 500-odd river and lake miles to Fort Norman, site of a budding oilfield. In his company was Father Griffin of Texas.

Father Gathy threw himself with characteristic energy into the task of ministering to the residents of his 600-mile-wide parish. In his first year, he mastered English and three Indian dialects, and conquered the difficult arts of mushing a team of half-savage huskies, existing in the open de-

spite 40-below temperatures and driving blizzards, subsisting on the rough food of the Arctic trails, and fishing for dog feed.

In the settlements, he has treated everything from starvation to broken legs, fought epidemic outbreaks, performed dentistry, consoled the sick, demonstrated anew that an Oblate Father must be a man of many accomplishments. He has officiated at hundreds of weddings, helped bring children into the world, brought the last rites of the Church to the dying.

Yellowknife Too Tame

Of his present Yellowknife assignment Father Gathy says: "I'm really spoiled here. This is not the north." He refers to the comparatively modern living conditions in the gold town, but his parish extends several hundreds of miles including all the mining districts up to Great Bear and its radium-uranium mines.

At 53, he has the vigor and enthusiasm of a young man. He is always willing to demonstrate, with keen enjoyment of the victim's discomfiture, his ability as an amateur Houdini, and as a result he is much in demand as an entertainer at the mining camps, and Indian settlements. As well, he is a self-taught, triple-threat musician, performing on three instruments including the organ. For several years, he had a band in Yellowknife, but the transient population forced its discontinuance.

Both Catholics and Protestants are members of his young people's group, one of his "extra-curricular" activities.

Loves People of The North

Father Gathy's favorite topics are the people of the north and their qualities of greatness. He waves his hands expressively and, his face glowing with enthusiasm, says:

"We are one family. I've been here (Yellowknife) seven years and I've yet to hear a harsh word. 'The greatest asset in human life . . . Golden bricks are good, but golden hearts are better . . .'

He smiles broadly when he tells of his superiors trying to persuade him to stay "outside" the last time he was in Edmonton. "I told them: 'I've got to go north. I'm getting bushed here.'"

"They're just a little narrow outside . . . In the north all creeds work together."

PEMMICAN

AS THE INDIANS DID IT YESTERDAY

By Angus McKay
Prince Albert

Making pemmican from buffalo meat, moose and venison of all kinds is very much the same. After the chase hunt the slaughtered buffaloes are all skinned and the meat quartered. Then it is cut into flat, thin slices without bone and hung upon stages laid flat upon the clean ground or ground to dry by the heat of the sun. When the sun is not strong enough to bake the dry the meat is placed upon stages and a slow fire burns underneath to keep the meat away until the meat is baked dry and crisp.

The dried meat is then placed upon a rawhide parchment flat upon the ground and the meat beaten with stone hammers or wooden mallets upon blocks of wood into a crushed and pulverized substance called "pounded meat."

Then the grease is prepared, made from the hard fat and suet of the animal rendered into grease. Where meat and grease are ready, the pounded meat is placed on rawhide or thick parchment spread flat on the ground. The grease, boiling hot in a large cauldron or kettle, is spooned on the pounded meat and stirred with wooden shovels and thoroughly mixed until the meat has absorbed the grease.

It is then shovelled into rawhide bags about three feet long by two feet wide. When the bag is filled tight the top is sewn up with strong sinew thread. This done the bag is placed flat on the ground and trodden upon to make it compact. Each bag contains 100 pounds more or less. This pemmican is then ready for the market and called "common pemmican."

The ingredients for a finer and choicer pemmican are made from choice pounded meat with the marrow and soft fat of the animal and flavored with dried saskatoon berries or crushed and dried cherries. This pemmican is called "berry pemmican." Whites and Metis very often used currants and raisins as ingredients and spiced and sweetened it with sugar to make it more palatable. It is good eating, more or less like a plum pudding, only a harder substance. Made generally for private consumption this is called "choice pemmican."

IN THE MODERN MANNER

By Mrs. Angus McKay
Prince Albert

You need fairly fat beef well roasted. Put through grinder, using medium plate. Then spread in a shallow frying pan. Dry over medium heat, gradually lessening heat. Cook with a wooden spoon. It takes four or five hours and when it is done looks like tobacco.

Put in mixing bowl and add brown sugar to taste, perhaps one cup to six cups of meat and a little salt to flavor. Add one part currants to four parts meat. Leave it in bowl in a slightly warm place for about a week, stirring from time to time. Keep covered. At the end of the week it may be packed away in honey cans or similar containers.



Chief Feather, Chief Bright Moon and Chief Two Feathers, of the Caughnawaga Reserve company Father Jacobs at the celebrations of Midlands in honor of the Jesuit Martyrs.

Iroquois Venerate Martyrs

MIDLAND — A unique ceremony took place at the Martyr's Shrine on Saturday and Sunday, July 9-10. It had been planned to visit the sites of St. Louis and St. Ignace on Saturday where Brebeuf and Lalement were martyred on March 16, 1649. However showers prevented having Christian Iroquois Indians make reparation on the very spot where the pagan ancestors made their sacrifices.

Instead, a ceremony was held on the grounds. Iroquois from Caughnawaga, dressed in full Indian garb, marched to the

church with the Jesuit Provincial, Very Rev. John L. Swain, S.J. and two missionaries who symbolized Brebeuf and Lalement. Very Rev. Father Swain, Rev. R. Oliver, S.J., superior of the Garnier Indian School at Spanish, Ont., and Rev. M. Jacobs, S.J., Iroquois priest addressed the congregation in the church after solemn Benediction.

MISSIONARIES ASSIST

On Sunday morning, July 10, pontifical high Mass was celebrated by Most Rev. R. H. Dignan, D.D., Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie, in whose diocese most of

the Jesuit Indian missions are located. The officers of the Mass were all Indian missionaries: Rev. R. Oliver, S.J., Rev. J. Barker, S.J., superior of Holy Cross Mission, Wikwemikong, Manitoulin Island, Rev. J. Dwyer, S.J., of Cape Croker, Ont., Rev. O. Labelle, S.J., of Port Arthur, Rev. A. Rolland, S.J., of Macdiarmid, Ont., Rev. J. McKey, S.J., of Spanish, Rev. R. Rushman, S.J., Rev. R. McElligott, S.J., of Christian Island and Rev. B. Mayhew, S.J., of Garden River, Ont. Rev. T. Lally, S.J., paid tribute to these missionaries who are continuing today the work begun by the Martyrs. Rev. D. Hourigan, S.J., was master of ceremonies. Rev. R. Lalonde, S.J., superior of Caughnawaga, P.Q., came with his famed Iroquois choir who sang the Mass and Benediction, being the finest choir ever heard at the Shrine.

In the afternoon Rev. Oscar Labelle, S.J., recited the Stations of the Cross in Ojibway, the first time in the history of the Shrine. Members of the Knights of Columbus State Council of Ontario formed a guard of honor to Bishop Dignan, and later presented a cheque for \$500.00 to the Shrine in the name of the K. of C. of Ontario. Among the members present were Frank Hyde of Wallaceburg, State Deputy; Ryan Lepage of Sarnia, State Treasurer; W. Sheedy of Guelph and Mr. Phillip Phelan of Ottawa and others.

Sandy Bay Impresses Religious, Civic Visitors

Oblate lay brothers, the Provincial of Manitoba, the government treaty party and the personnel of the X-ray and dental clinics visited Indians in the Sandy Bay area this summer and were deeply impressed at their reception.

The lay brothers of the Oblate Province of Manitoba attended their annual retreat at Sandy Bay from July 12 to July 19th. Rev. Fr. Henri Matte, O.M.I., was retreat master. Twenty-three lay brothers were present. Very Rev. Philip Scheffer, O.M.I., Provincial of the Manitoba province came for the closing exercises.

On July 17 and 18th, Very Rev. Provincial visited the missions with Fathers Lambert and Florentin. They visited Bluff Creek, Ebb and Flow, Crane River and Sandy Point. The large number of children at Ebb and Flow impressed Father Provincial very much. The two schools are filled to overflowing and the totally Catholic population of this mission would warrant a resident missionary.

Crane River was the next mission visited after short stops at E. Rose and Toutes Aides. Here Father Lambert put up a hurried dinner in missionary style using his main utensil the humble open-pan. Judging from the way it was honored, the meal was a culinary success. The chapel, the two schools and a few homes were visited before continuing north to Sandy Point. Father Lambert remained at Crane River to be present at the Treaty to meet the parents of the school pupils, while Father Provincial and Father Florentin had to return to Sandy Bay for the closing exercises of the lay Brothers retreat.

The people of Crane River and Ebb and Flow missions showed wonderful understanding and co-operation in reporting as they did the X-ray and dental clinic which follows the treaty party to their respective reserves. The politeness and neatness of the children and the spirit of co-operation of everyone in general was particularly noticeable at Crane River.

A heavy rain on treaty day at Ebb and Flow did not discourage the people of this mission and they came to the clinic just the same.

Sandy Bay was very fortunate in having two days of excellent

weather for their treaty. It was gratifying to notice two members of the band, one an ex-pupil of the school, the other an ex-patient of the San, lending a helping hand at the clinic. They persuaded a large number of people to report to the clinic. Good going Harold and Joe Pascal!

(See pictures, page 1)

Mr. Gowans was the lucky winner of the five dollars donated by Father Lambert in the draw organized by him in favor of the Missionary Record. Mr. Gowans in turn donated the same five dollars to the five most progressive and successful boys of the school. As this was particularly difficult to decide in so short a time, five names were drawn from the entire group of boys of the school. The lucky winners were Freeman Beaulieu, Solomon Roulette, Arthur Roulette, Frank Desjarlais and Harvey Beaulieu. In all fifty-four subscriptions were taken at Sandy Bay, twenty-one at Crane River and nineteen at Ebb and Flow. This is indeed a fine showing. Mr. Marcel Morisseau was the winner of the draw at Crane River and Mr. George Houle won at Ebb and Flow.

On July 25, Albert Mousseau and Joyce Roulette were united in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony.

The following are taking a keen interest in farming and gardening: Antoine McIvor, Vital McIvor, John Levasseur, Alex Roulette, Ben Cook, Noah Beaulieu, Moses McIvor, Maxime Beaulieu, Wm. J. Mousseau and Harry Richard.

June 6th was a very exciting day for one hundred forty pupils of Sandy Bay School. The thought of the long ride to Winnipeg in the three big trucks and all the people and things they would see there and on the way was exciting indeed. Nor was anyone disappointed. This visit to Winnipeg's 75th birthday party was for most of them, their first to the big city. The trip itself, the picnic in the park, visiting the animals, the lions, bears, wolves and monkeys, and most of all the huge and colorful parade were highlights long to be remembered. Much instruction was derived from the visit. The parade depicting the different historical, industrial, civic and racial elements of the city's colorful past and present was an excellent object lesson. (Story next month)

Prize-Winning Displays At Regina Exhibition

REGINA, Sask. — Moccasins, beadwork, needle work, knitting, sewing, writing, maps, art exhibits, woodwork and clay models featured among the generous display of the Indian department exhibits at the 1949 annual fair.

Indian pupils from Lebret won the major share of prizes in the various classes. St. Michael's School of Duck Lake was also very well represented among the prize winners.

There was a great abundance of lovely needle work, embroidered pillow cases, children's dresses and baby layettes. Knitted articles comprised mitts, stockings, baby suits, sweaters. All the courses in home economics given in the Indian residential schools of the province gave an ample opportunity to the pupils to prepare artistic exhibits.

Fine examples of writing, exercise books, pictorial maps, health and science posters were shown along with original landscape paintings commercial lettering and designs. Several originally conceived Christmas cards were also shown.

Bessie Dick of Lebret, a grade one pupil, won first prize for creative illustration.

INDIAN WOMEN MIND BUSINESS

The Indian woman is to be admired. She strictly minds her own business and hopes only that other people will be as kind. At the same time she is friendly and courteous, beaming with pleasure at any minute joy the day seems to offer.

"We like it," smiled one middle-aged squaw in the encampment, when asked by a newswoman what her woman thought of the Regina exhibition. "But we're all pretty busy now to talk."

19 TEPEES FOR FAIR

Approximately 100 Indians from the Piapot, Muscowpeting and Pasqua reservations set up 19 brilliantly colored teepees, many of them bearing strange and secret symbols, in the Indian village east of the grandstand at this year's Regina exhibition.

Besides adding the color of the old west to the exhibition, the Indians took part in the Travelers' day parade.

Prize winner Mrs. Arlene Littlecrow said they had not intended to bring a teepee this year but had decided that "An Indian without his teepee would be like a Scotsman without his kilt."

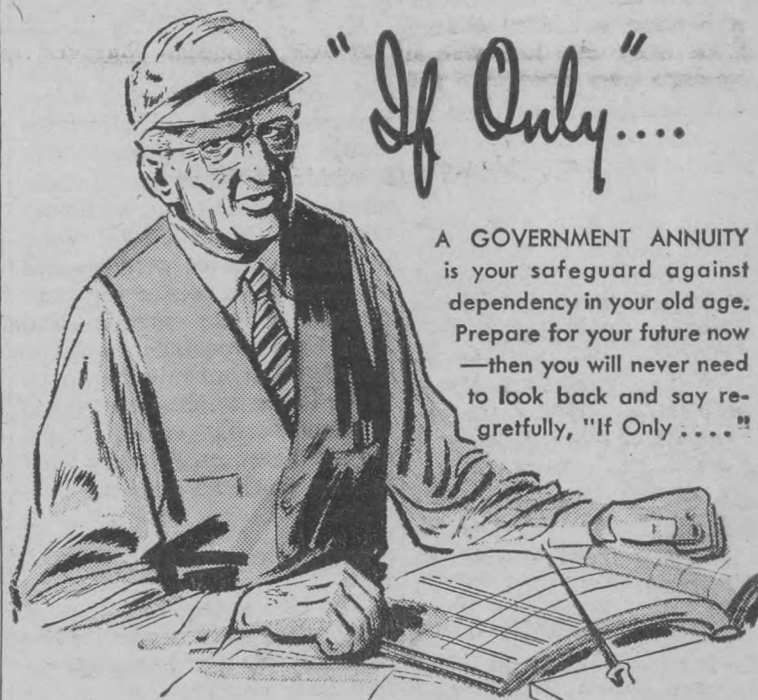
TINY TEPEES

Miniature teepees attracted wide notice at the Indian school exhibit on display in the Confederation building at the Regina exhibition grounds. The smallest of the four was about a foot high, two were approximately two feet and the fourth about four and a half feet high. The miniatures were exact replicas of the real thing and even had paintings of horses on them in good tribal tradition.

U.S. INDIANS VISIT REGINA

REGINA — Souvenirs of Louis Riel in the R.C.M.P. museum were among the Regina attractions to arouse special interest among a number of Assiniboian and Sioux Indians from Poplar, Montana, who were in the city during the week of the Exhibition.

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Tercentenary of Fort Ste Marie



OLD FORT STE MARIE
1639 - 1649

(In view of the Tercentenary this year of the Jesuit Martyrs of Huronia we republish an article which appeared ten years ago in The Catholic Register for the celebration of the Tercentenary of Fort Ste. Marie.)

On Saturday afternoon Blackrobes stood on the hill where is now built the Martyrs' Shrine overlooking the wide waters of the Georgian Bay. They were men wearing the same habit and following the same rule of life as other sons of St. Ignatius who, 300 years ago, would stand near the same spot straining their eyes to look northward over the Bay for the first sign of canoes bringing returning colleagues from missionary expeditions through the distant wilderness, or perhaps bringing supplies and reinforcements and, not least welcome, news, from Quebec and France. There might have been near a score of Jesuits at one time gathered there, and the same number of other white men who had made up their minds to live and die in missionary work. On days when important arrivals were expected, for there would not be many days in a year, hundreds of Indians from nearby villages, warriors, women and children, would press near the Blackrobes. In all that Georgian Bay country there were tens of thousands of Indians, of the Huron tribe; it was precisely because this district had a large population of Indians that the missionaries had made the long and arduous journey from Quebec to settle there.

HOW DIFFERENT NOW!

On Saturday the Blackrobes were there and perhaps a few Indians; but there was an Archbishop there, in the purple of Rome, and diocesan priests and nuns in their habits, and thousands of laity, palefaces of a race and speech that the Hurons of 300 years ago never knew. There were evidences of the well-organized, firmly-established Catholic Church of the Province of Ontario. Not only the Catholic Church but the Government of this Province was represented in the person of the Lieutenant - Governor, Honorable Albert Matthews.

The occasion of the gathering was the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Fort Ste. Marie, but the real purpose was to honor the memory of the missionaries who lived there, and to thank God for His blessings on their work. It might have seemed to the missionaries themselves that they had failed abjectly, but as so often happens, God made failure but a phase on the road to a marvellous success.

The missionaries set out to evangelize the Hurons, a race that has perished, but the Catholic Church was nevertheless planted in Ontario and all of North America, and there are today more than twenty-five millions of Catholics north of Mexico who give glory to God because of those seventeenth - century missionaries

MORE THAN A FORT

Fort Ste. Marie is now nothing but a small heap of stones. It was a fort once, with bastions and a tower and palisades; but it was in use only for ten years, and it was during that time much more than a fort, it was a farm stocked with cattle brought 1,000 miles from Montreal by canoe, and it was a centre of Catholic faith and charity, irradiating the whole country of Huronia. Ordinarily there were not more than two or three Fathers residing in the house, the others would be scattered in distant villages. Two or three times a year, however, the missionaries would reunite in Fort Ste. Marie in order, as one of them wrote, "to commune with ourselves, to think of God alone in the repose of prayer, and afterwards to confer together respecting the means and light that experience and the Holy Spirit continue to give us daily to make the conversion of those peoples easier for us. After that we must hurry back to our work as soon as possible."

CENTRE OF CHARITY

The two or three Fathers in residence would supervise the constant work of temporal relief and charity carried on there. It was a hospital for the Christian Indians when sick, a refuge when panic-stricken, and always a friendly home when they sought sympathy and advice. A contemporary record says: "During the past year we have counted over 3,000 persons to whom we have given hospitality, and sometimes within a fortnight to from six to seven hundred Christians which, as a rule, means three meals to each one. This does not include a large number who come continually and pass the whole day and to whom we give charity."

Fort Ste. Marie was never attacked by the Iroquois, it was abandoned when the Hurons became incapable of resisting their enemies. The missionaries never abandoned the Hurons, they stayed with the remnants of the tribe and retreated with them to Christian Island, where they were besieged for a whole winter by the Iroquois. When supplies were near exhaustion

the surviving Hurons and missionaries left Christian Island for Quebec. In the Ottawa River they met a relief expedition coming from Quebec. Had it come earlier the end of Huronia might have been averted, or it might only have been postponed. The Huron Mission did, however, come to an end, and the hearts of the missionaries were heavy. Now in the light of Heaven they see more than we see in the light of history and their rejoicings will be even greater than ours on the Tercentenary of Fort Ste. Marie.

Indian Art Collection Exhibited

PORTLAND, Ore., — In Oregon's Portland Art Museum last week, gallerygoers were treated to a show that had as much interest for anthropologists as for art-lovers in general. It was the cream of a collection of 5,000 objects (from prehistoric times to the present) that had been carved, painted and woven by the Indians of the Northwest Coast, from Alaska and the Aleutians to northern California.

As anthropologists are fond of pointing out, the Indians knew nothing of art for art's sake. Their masks, rattles and totem poles were just as functional as their bone fishhooks and spoons carved from caribou horn; the Indians thought that the magic in their carvings was essential to steady good fishing as sharp hooks. But whether the Indians embroidered leather blankets with the beaks of puffin birds, carved human figures from walrus teeth, or turned whole tree trunks into vertical families of gods and animals, they did their craftsmanlike, unworried best.

Their best was almost always vivid enough to make more civilized and self-conscious artists green with envy.

PIKE IN A PICKLE

HUDSON BAY, Sask., — One of Hudson Bay's leading sportsmen went down to the river to fish.

He caught a 20-inch pike, froze it in some snow. Tired of fishing in the cold, he went home, put the pike in hot water to thaw.

While thawing himself, he fell asleep, awoke to great commotion in the kitchen, found the pike swimming in the sink.

"A perfect marriage is a made thing. It will not sprout like a weed, but has to be cultivated carefully." — Helena Normanton, BBC.

Vocational Training at the Lebreton Indian School

The hundreds of Proficiency Badges presented by the Indian Affairs Branch to the pupils during the past year are an indication of the intense activity shown to Vocational Training.

GIRLS

SEWING: The sewing room with sister Michaud as teacher is a real manufacturing department. It is no easy task to clothe 300 boys and girls; but she does it along with the teaching of handicraft to more than sixty girls. Yards and yards of cloth are unfolded and turned into jackets, shirts, dresses, jumpers, blouses, etc. Gracie Yuzicappi, Marian Horsefall are among the many girls to whom sewing is a game. Can you imagine Sister Michaud wishing for another war because the army and air force clothing is off the market! Nothing left to remodel into pants for the boys and jumpers and snow suits for the girls.

KNITTING: Wool has been hard to get for some time, but this shortage did not worry Sister Michaud. Father Dion, the School bursar, bought 2,000 army scarfs. The medium girls were given the task of ripping them and rolling the wool into yarn. Out of this, 300 pairs of stockings were knitted on the machine by the skillful hands of Maggie Dubois, Gracie Yuzicapi, Margaret Pascal, Lillian Tuckanow and Jane Doris Pascal.

WEAVING: After two years of expectancy, four new looms were finally installed in the Sewing Room. Sister Michaud had them full tilt immediately. Pearl Deegan, Lillian Horsefall, Lillian Tawiyaka and Norma Lavallee are to be commended for the 75 yards of towelling. Mending, hand-knitting and beadwork are also activities of Sister Michaud's department.

COOKING: The basic operation of the three year course in cooking is taught to the senior girls who come monthly to the kitchen in groups of four. There is no mention in these operations of breaking dishes, burning pies, oversalted soup; but they all say that can be learned without practice. Our chef for four years was Sister Neumier who left us last March for the Sanatorium. Result of her good coaching was manifest when two of her graduate trainees, Bernadette Anaskan and Mary Doota took charge of the kitchen for three months. Sister Paquin has replaced Sister Neumier with the same success.

HOUSEKEEPING: Sister Gosselin is responsible in that line. Besides teaching us the art of keeping everything "spick and span", she trains us in mending, ironing, pressing and embroidering.

(Rose Alma Bellegarde and Gracie Lavallee.)

BOYS

CARPENTRY: Mr. Sylvester Seiben is our instructor in carpentry and mechanics. Lessons in these trades are given in the work-shop. We are divided into four groups according to our grade. During the first period we usually sit on improvised benches and listen to the instructor's explanations and follow his drawings on the blackboard. We need to be all ears and eyes because when the lesson is over, each in turn has to climb on an old box which serves as a platform and explain the lesson to our classmates. We must be able to demonstrate not only the parts and use of tools, but prove to our teacher how to cut a board straight and to drive a nail without smashing a thumb. Ladders, frames, drawers and cupboards number among our woodwork experience. Senior boys went a step further this year when they built the addition to the shop. All went well for the hauling of stones and the mixing of cement, but we seemed to be at our wit's end when it came to the raising of the frame and the adjusting of windows. It was more in our line when it came to the shingling. Kenneth Goodwill, William and Charlie Bellegarde, Richard Poitras are still the only pupils that the carpenter would trust with his own tools.

MECHANICS: The fundamentals of mechanics are demonstrated with a two horse-power engine. Just as for carpentry we have to repeat the instructor's lesson to our classmates. Pat Fourhorns, Roderick Anaskan, Kenneth Carriere, George Kayasawatum and Michael Peigan were the lucky ones chosen to put their learning into practice by working in the field with the tractor under the supervision of the farm instructor, B. Lacre.

ENGINEERING & METALWORK: Mr. Frank Doll handles these trades. But he does not take everyone because you must not be a dreamer to follow these trades.

Gordon John, Andrew Yellowback and Thomas Okimow have proven to be the boys of his choice.

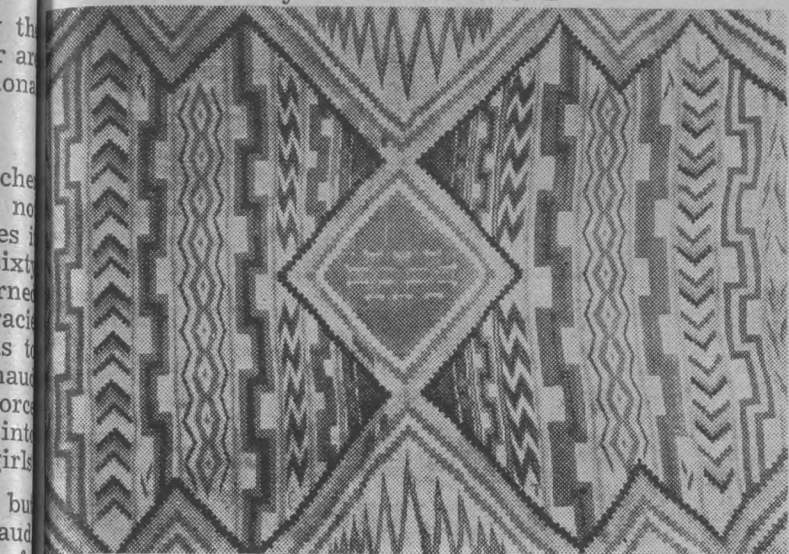
FARMING: If anyone wants to have cows pedigreed as good milkers, he has to follow the advice of Mr. Murnaghan, the herdsman, when he feeds and cares for the herd. Allan Goodwill and Raymond Stemchild have already the secret.

POULTRY & GARDENING: Poultry and gardening under the guidance of Mr. Lawrence Seiben also held the boy's attention. An important lesson in poultry was to keep the rats away. The best is to keep the place rat proof if you want to keep your young chickens. In GARDENING, we are told among other things, that cabbages can't be transplanted upside down and carrot seeds does not sprout six inches under ground. Another thing to mind, is to keep "Bambi", our pet deer, out of reach, because he loves strawberries as well as we do.

(Thomas Desnomie and Arthur Obey)

The Blanket of Chief White Antelope

By ETHEL M. ARNOLD



The death song of Wo'kai hwo'ko ma is rose to the winter sky. "Nothing lives long. Except the earth and the mountains," chanted this Cheyenne chief. Folding his arms across his gorgeous blanket, he awaited the shots of the soldiers. This blanket, after seeing history for sixty-five more years, was purchased recently by the Indian Arts Fund of Santa Fe, New Mexico, for its collection. It was not just another Navajo blanket for the Fund, for this one is known as the "most beautiful in the world." Woven into its bands of crimson and blue is a history and something of the romantic glamor of the young west.

The known story of the blanket begins at dawn of a November day in 1864 in Colorado, when Major Scott Anthony and Colonel J. M. Chivington with their soldiers attacked the villages of Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians, resulting in a horrible plundering, killing and mutilating of the Indians, an event known in history as the Sand Creek Massacre.

Among the five hundred or more Indians killed were a large number of well-known chiefs. Left Hand, leader of the Arapahoes, and the Cheyenne braves, Standing Water, Lone Bear, War Bonnet and Spotted Crow were killed early in the surprise attack. With his wounded wife, Black Kettle escaped only to meet death a few years later in the battle of Washita. But Chief White Antelope, an old man with his hopes of peace thwarted, refused to flee with Black Kettle and was shot down, as he sang his death-chant.

After the massacre the chief's blanket was removed from his body by Henry Mull,

a soldier, and carried to Denver, to be sold shortly afterwards for three hundred and seventy-five dollars to George T. Clark, the famous "boy mayor" of Denver. Again the Navajo blanket watched the history of the west, for its new owner had a notable career. Coming to Denver in 1860 from Wisconsin, Mr. Clark was for many years an agent for the Overland Stage, making perilous journeys across the southwest in the purchase of gold dust. The blanket saw years of this service, for Mr. Clark took it with him on all his trips, using it as a raincoat. After Mr. Clark's death in 1888, the family retained the blanket until this year, when the Indian Arts Fund bought it from Mrs. Wigginton, a daughter of the Clarks. A check for two thousand five hundred dollars paid for it.

Although nothing is known concerning the origin of the blanket, it is a rare and beautiful example of early Navajo weaving. It perhaps reached White Antelope through a series of trades but the shape of the blanket and the type of design indicates that it was woven to be worn on the shoulders of a person of distinction. According to authorities the textile was made from what is commonly called bayeta yarn, which resulted in a finer, firmer texture than native yarn ever gave. Bayeta yarn came from a soft Turkish woolen cloth known as balleta, which Mexico imported and sold to the Indians in early days at the fixed price of six dollars a pound. The weaver raveled this cloth, retwisting the fine threads by hand, then used them for the most perfect of the blankets.

Indian textiles of the period of this blanket were woven

from the single-strand bayeta, from the triple-strand Germantown or from the coarse, uneven native spun yarn. Of the three, the bayeta easily produced the most beautiful blankets, often with a surface texture as smooth as silk, but with a firm compact body of unyielding thickness. Josiah Gregg, in his *Commerce of the Prairies*, published in 1844 says: "The Indians now produce beautiful blankets so close and dense in texture as to hold water." The Arts Fund blanket is one of these and only one glance or one touch is needed to understand why the agent of the Overland Stage wore it for years as a protection from the weather.

Not all the beauty of White Antelope's blanket lies in its perfect weaving and its silken texture. Both in color and design it is one of the finest which has been preserved for us. Perfect in their symmetry, the blanket motifs are characteristic of the early type Navajo textiles, but this blanket shows an unusual variety of designs, beautifully arranged and spaced. The diamond motif inclosing a triple cross, which marks the center of the blanket unifies the design in a remarkable way. Undimmed by years under desert sun and mountain rain, the color must be much as it was on the day that a Navajo weaver took it from the loom. A light rose, a medium red and a rich crimson; cream; three tones of soft old blues; black and a pale orange-yellow constitute the important colors of the blanket.

Not as a historical curiosity did the Indian Arts Fund purchase this blanket. Not alone because it is a rare and perfect example of Navajo weaving did they buy it. For the high aim of the Fund is to "save Indian art for the Indians," and it is hoped that eventually the collection, of which the blanket is a part, may become an inspiring source-book for the Indians who wish to follow the traditions of their fathers.

LOUIS RIEL VINDICATED

WINNIPEG — Louis Riel will in the not too distant future be recognized as the "Father of Manitoba," declared l'abbé A. D'Eschambault, here, in a discussion of books on the history of Western Canada.

Referring particularly to George Stanley's "The Birth

VEN. MARGUERITE BOURGEOYS TO BE BEATIFIED

MONTREAL, — According to an announcement by Rev. Paul Eugene Trudel, O.F.M., Venerable Marguerite Bourgeoys, pioneer teacher and foundress of the Congregation of Notre Dame, will be beatified during the Holy Year 1950. Father Trudel is a member of the Founders' Committee, which is promoting the causes of Canadian historical figures for canonization.

According to Father Trudel, a letter from the Vatican had indicated that the cause of Marguerite Bourgeoys had been approved, and that she will be declared Blessed. The date of the beatification ceremony was not announced. She was declared Venerable in 1878.

At the age of 33 she came to Canada from France in the year 1653, at the invitation of de Maissoneuve, the founder of Montreal. Using a small stone stable as quarters, she opened a school for French and Indian children.

In 1658 she founded the Congregation of Notre Dame, although she never took religious vows herself. In 1676 the foundation was approved by Bishop Laval; it was the first religious community established in Canada.



Ven. Marguerite Bourgeois

of Western Canada" he pointed out that the calm, dispassionate scholarship of the dean of history at B.C. University has drawn a true picture of Louis Riel, which is being gradually accepted by impartial historians.

Doctor D'Eschambault remarked that "Historians who have not had access to the archives of the St. Boniface and Edmonton Catholic dioceses, cannot get an unbiased view of events in this region and are not reliable."

Documents reveal also the conflict of motives between La Verendrye who wanted to settle down and create a civilization in opposition to the desires of his French backers who were interested mainly in scientific discoveries and especially in reaching the "Western Sea."

Hudson's Bay Co. History

Other highlights of fascinating interest, according to Fr. D'Eschambault are the story of the Hudson's Bay Company, a strictly business undertaking which found itself obliged to take on philanthropic, legislative, apostolic and civilizing task in order to satisfy critics in Canada and overseas.

Authorities To Study

Books highly recommended by Father D'Eschambault as most informative, authoritative and intriguing included: The Jesuit Relations, LeNutt's "Radisson and de Groseillers — Caesars of the Wilderness", Burpee's edition of LaVerendrye's Letters, "History of the H.B.C." by McKay, Morton's "History of the Canadian West" and the writings of Tache, Giraud and Morice.

STRANGE BUT TRUE Little-Known Facts for Catholics

By M. J. MURRAY

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FRESNES - PRISON ENTRANCE

For 100 YEARS the SISTERS of MARY & JOSEPH HAVE STAFFED THE MAJOR WOMEN'S PRISONS AND PRISON HOSPITALS AND CLINICS OF PARIS.

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA is the LARGEST CHURCH in the SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

Blessed MARTIN de PORRES HAD THE STRANGE POWER - (COMMON TO SOME OTHER SAINTS) OF BI-LOCATION - OF BEING IN TWO PLACES, APPARENTLY, AT THE SAME TIME.

It is said that the PORTAL OF RHEIMS, the NAVE OF AMIENS, the CHOIR OF BEAUVAIS and the SPIRE OF CHARTRES if they could be combined together would go to make THE PERFECT CATHEDRAL!

TOURIST ATTRACTION

KITCHENER, Ont., — With a little help and encouragement, Canadian Indians could do a lot for themselves and the country's tourist trade, thinks a slim, little Englishwoman who became an Indian when she married into a tribe and spent almost eight years on the Lake Nipissing reserve.

Mrs. Gisela Commanda, believes that if interest and financial aid were given, Indians on reserves could launch themselves into craft industries and take some of the burden of supporting them off the taxpayer.

"I think the Indians have a very fine culture of their own and Canadians are just

beginning to realize it," she says.

She said governments were missing tourist bets when they didn't feature Indians as an attraction. Money had been poured into developing other tourist baits, but Indians — with their picturesque costumes and customs — only needed publicity to become a colorful attraction to Canada.

"Indian music should be more important. It is somewhat more 'highbrow' than Negro music. It isn't raucous or noisy—it's Canadian and it has the Indian temperament, rather lovely and never getting anywhere."

Bored with life as an arts and crafts teacher in English

schools, she decided to come to America and write books about Indians. After a few months in Florida, she came north and met Antoine Commanda, a guide who had corresponded with her. Several months later the couple were married in Sturgeon Falls, Ont.

A member of the Canadian Author's association, she has prepared three manuscripts about Indian life. She is using her knowledge of 40 crafts in her teaching job at central Technical school in Toronto, because she is not strong enough to live the rigorous reservation life in the winter. But all her summers are spent on the reservation.



The Voice of Youth

I am the Voice of Youth—of the Catholic Indian Youth of Today! Why the distinction? I do not make it; it is made for me. I must be constantly mindful of it.

Because I am Catholic, I must be forever aware that my speech and actions should be exemplary. If I am slighted, I realize that this is due to the lack of intelligence on another's part, not mine. I must follow the elders and accept these crosses as a means of gaining salvation—mine and, perhaps, another's. I cannot neglect a chance to influence other souls. This, I understand.

Because I am Indian, I am denied civil rights, social opportunities, and then disdained because I do not better myself. I must see my fathers refused the knowledge that would make them intelligent, and then derided because of their ignorance. This I do not understand.

THE SEARCH FOR SYMPHONY

A certain king grew tired of minstrels' songs. "There must be more to music than I've heard," he declared. So he set out in search of the sweetest music he could find.

He attended a symphony and watched a dignified conductor gracefully lead his orchestra. He wound his way down flights of steps and heard a swing band's jazzing. He politely applauded the torch singer and crooner. Then he journeyed further.

He struck out for the west and lent an ear to cowboys murmuring to their cattle. He went down south and heard the darkies strumming. He slipped into a nursery to hear a mother's whispered lullaby. His search was not satisfying.

He dug into the hills and tapped his trees in time to mountain ballads. He even twirled his royal self in old folk dances. Still his hunt was fruitless.

Exhausted, the majestic figure lay prostrate in a grassy wood upon a hill. He listened to the fluttering birds, the waltzing leaves, the giggling brook. He thought of God, an avid music Lover, the author of the Symphony of Life. His

Because I am a Catholic, I find refuge in my Maker and beg for the strength to bear all this. But what of my brothers and sisters? All do not know the solitary comfort of a God. I must see them, also, refused the opportunities which all of the youth of today should have, that all of the youth must have! Must I watch them sink lower with sheer despair—watch them sink into the category in which they have, anticipatingly, been put?

WHY?

Because I am young, I ask questions. I ask them of those who should have wisdom. They are not answered. I am not content. Because I am young, I must know. I look and find the answer.

I discover that you, our elders, are so wise you cannot see the truth. You have solved many great problems. You have sought for centuries to unravel a mystery which was believed too great to solve—and you have done it. But, the answer to my question is so simple, you cannot see it. Your eyes are narrowed from squinting at the minute details. My eyes are wide. I see it clearly. I am not old and experienced, but I am logical.

I reason that for my family to be neglected while another is given every advantage, there must be a difference. If one flower is pink, while another is white, there must be a difference. What is the difference? It is only an attribute.

God also has attributes—supernatural attributes. I have learned that one of these is Beauty. That is my answer! Should it seem strange that the All-beautiful should want to share His beauty? God has a taste for color. But, do we tramp on the violet because it is purple—and pluck the lily? Then, why must my people be debased? I cannot see this.

I am the voice of the Youth of Today. I want to learn. I must know how to run this fickle world—to set it straight. I must give birth to the Youth of Tomorrow—the Youth of a Better Tomorrow!

ears began to tingle with a fairy tune.

From nowhere appeared a tramp half-dead from starvation. The king took his dinner and divided it. A brief "thanks," a brusque nod, and an exchange of smiles and suddenly the air was filled with celestial notes.

Slowly his highness arose and headed home. Harmony of nature, harmony of men. The king had found his sweetest music.

QUESTION BOX

Spiritual — When is one guilty of impure thoughts?

Since we are rational beings, we are supposed to control these thoughts. So, no matter how long you have been thinking about anything, if you make an effort to put it out of your mind as soon as your conscience warns you, you have committed no sin, and there is no ground for worry. A good rule would be that the things which "run" through your mind are not wrong. It's the things deliberately kept in your mind, even after your conscience warns you to put them out, that are sinful.

Panorama of the Mass

The Canon



16. The Sanctus



24. Offering the Victim



32. Priest's Communion



17. Prayer for the Living



25. We Beg God to Accept Our Gift



33. Communion of the Faithful



18. Remembering the Saints



26. Remembering the Dead



34. The Ablutions



19. Prayers of Offering



27. Remembering we are sinners



35. Post Communion

Consecration



20. THIS IS MY BODY



28. The Little Elevation

Communion



21. Elevation



29. The Our Father



36. The Blessing



37. The Last Gospel
Catechetical Guild, St. Paul, Minn.

is love on your part is merely wishful thinking and an over-active imagination. You are going through a stage (normal enough) of a young girl being attracted to an older man. You'll get over it.

Are the names Olivia, Nancy, Kathleen and Marilyn saints' names?—Ia.

All are accepted forms of saints' names—Olivia, Nancy (a form of Ann), Kathleen (a form of Catherine), and Marilyn (a form of Mary).

Is it a sin to drink holy water?—Nebr.

The drinking of holy water is quite apart from the uses for which it is intended. However, excluding a malicious intention, there would be no sin in this act.

Social—I am seventeen and in love with a man in his late thirties. I don't go out with him—just see him once in a great while.

The word love is used very broadly by many people who obviously don't know what the word means. You admit that you don't go out with this man but see him once in a while. What you are thinking



Chapter VII

The Blackrobes Arrive

BUT the aunts were not so easily subdued, and the chief, Tegakouita's uncle, grew more bitter against the Christians who were among the tribe and the prisoners from captured Algonquin and Huron tribes. To Tegakouita's mother, with her bad luck sign, he attributed his niece's contrariness, and indeed he was not so wrong. He hated the thought of the coming of the Blackrobes, who, he had reason to know, were on their way to Kanawake, at the request of the chiefs of his nation, and he brooded over his calumet while he pretended friendliness to his coming protectors. For it was well known that the Blackrobe in the village was a fair guarantee of peace between the French and the Iroquois.

However, until they were safely among them, the nation might expect a French invasion and the chief was as anxious for their arrival as he hated the arrangement. A band of scouts had been sent out to be on the alert for French soldiers and with some unrest the Iroquois waited for news at the villages. It was high summer and the heat was intense, but, as always, there was a cool breeze waving across the Mohawk River, and the chief went down swiftly to sit upon its bank and draw long slow curls of smoke into his mouth. He sat and brooded his eyes half open, lazily watching the fish net trailing from several canoes. It was shady and cool here. The chief fell asleep.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet, his hand leaped to his bow and quiver. Long eerie sounds reached his ears, only half open after his long sleep. But keenly attuned to long distance sound he soon understood. It was a scout from the other shore of the Mohawk, facing Kanawakee, with his trumpet, made from a large, twisted shell, with a hole at the end of the spirals, sounding a blast of triumph. The Blackrobes were there! Waiting to cross the river in canoes, and make their home at the Indian settlement.

Chief Burning Eyes cursed as only an Indian can curse. And he turned away to remount the long thick-set hills to the village. He did not want to meet this necessary evil. Nor have any part with them.

But the whole village had heard the trumpet also and he met them coming down to the river, cheering and shouting a mad welcome. They tumbled into their canoes and rafts and paddled swiftly across the placid stream to meet the travelers, never ceasing their yells of joy that now the Blackrobes were here they would be safe and now they would be Christians. Hula! Hulaah! Yi, yi, yi!

Tegakouita was not among the joy-makers though some of the family were there. Face grim and uncompromising Burning Eyes accosted her in front of their cabin. Her eyes were wide and her hands unconsciously clasped as her uncle had seen the hands of her mother clasped, on occasion, many years before. In a rage he struck the girl's fingers with his bow. It did not greatly pain but the implication frightened the happiness from the heart of Tegakouita. She stepped back into the longhouse wordless, showing no consciousness of hurt either to heart or hand, and she sat upon her bed of skins staring at nothing. Seeing in her mind's eye the Blackrobe coming to her cabin — to her cabin — to teach her how to make the Sign.

Outside, her uncle stood like a statue carved from copper, his fierce eyes burning. Well he knew that his was the only fitting place for the Blackrobes, that as chief it was his duty to house distinguished visitors. It was cleaner, of course, than the others. It was quieter. Though that was not admitting much, when his wife and sisters and their families and their dogs, ever present at the Indian's fires, were present. But the cabin always managed to be a little different from the rest, because of his young niece, the defiant niece, the docile niece, the niece with the soft eyes, so unusual in the face of a Mohawk. His niece, Tegakouita! And the Blackrobes were bringing the Sign that he hated and feared, but that Tegakouita loved. Let her love it. She would never make it! Never! Or would she?

Fathers Jacques Fremin, Jean Pierron and Jacques Bruyas were a bit overwhelmed by these savages to come to them, but none knew better the treachery in the heart of the Iroquois than did the Jesuit missionaries. None knew better what they risked to bring the knowledge of Jesus Christ, Savior, to these wild men along the Mohawk River, flowing so fair and sweet in the sunshine, so mysterious in its understanding of all that had gone before.

Still it was what they had taken upon themselves with their vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. And these men were no more cowards when sent by their superiors to Christianize the Indians, than were those first Jesuits whose bones were hidden under the soil of Kanawake. They were full of zeal and Godward. And they were prepared for what might come.

The rattle of calabash and kettledrum, the shouts and cries from lusty outdoor lungs were deafening, but the Fathers managed to smile — and to keep their hands on their mission crosses, as they knelt in their canoes. A hundred hands seemed bent on helping them to shore, while that many more held steady the canoes, and they were marched up the hill and down and up again almost without moving their own feet.

Before a longhouse made from bark, within the palisades, on the very summit of the last hill, the crowd stopped. At the door stood the tall, straight Indian chief, with arms folded, fire flashed from his eyes, his mouth a cruel, straight line.

"How!" he welcomed the Blackrobes politely, but the hate was recognizable to them as though De Tracy had never obtained control of Richelieu River and planted forts all along its shores. As though, after De Courville's failure to lead his expedition against the Iroquois, De Tracy had not subdued the tribe so that they had sued for the Blackrobes.

"Peace to you!" Father Fremin replied and gripped his cross tighter half wishing himself back on the Lake of the Blessed Sacrament (Lake George) far beyond the river lying so peaceful at the foot of these hills.

But the chief bowed gracefully and invited them within where he commanded Tegakouita to relieve them of their bundles, prepare the peace pipes, and to help prepare the village celebration in their honor. To see that the dancers and magicians, the warriors and the women had food and knew their parts.

Chapter VIII

Hospitality -- Not Love

TEGAKOUIA held her breath. She to wait upon these Fathers whom her uncle hated? She? She to live in the same lodge which they occupied? To cook for them? No! That could not be.

Her hands trembled a little as she passed them with downcast eyes. They sat silent about the fire, with their pipes curling fragrant smoke up and up and around in thin spirals, that seemed to her to spell peace, peace, peace. But she caught her uncle's gaze upon her, as she stepped modestly and busily about, and their look dispelled any such notion. Then she learned from her aunt that it was only because of the drunken aftermath of a feast celebration in their principal village, that the Blackrobes were brought here to Kanawake, to her uncle chief's lodge. As chieftain he was compelled to give them hospitality. But not love.

The young squaw was very careful not to make any sign that might cause trouble for her, or for these white Fathers, with their strange, long dresses and flat, round hats, and the Cross — the Sign — thrust into their belts. She longed to address them. To let them know that she, at least, welcomed them into this lodge, but the only way she could do that was by making an extra savory soup and placing the best mats for them to sit upon.

And that night, when they all lay upon their beds around the walls of the lodge, Tegakouita could not sleep for the wonder of it all.

As usual their cabin had been filled to overflowing with the village people all evening long, and there were songs and dances of welcome at the fires outside. She wondered what these strange men thought of them. Now the cabin was filled only with the heavy breathing of her family, tired out and leaden with sleep. She listened closely to hear the breathing of the Fathers, but it was lost in the dark. "Perhaps," she thought, "they will teach me to make their Sign. Perhaps I shall ask them." If her uncle heard that she did so, there would be very bad going for her. She tossed a little restlessly and sighed. "And perhaps I shan't ask." Already the going was bad, because she had refused to marry Eaglefeather.

As she lay thinking what she would do, and what she would prepare for the breakfast of the priests, she heard a low voice. She wished she could understand what it said, but since she knew no French, she could not. But she listened to its pleasant timber, wishing that her uncle's voice were as mild yet vital as this.

The words she could not understand came from Father Pierron. He was speaking into the more or less convenient ear of Father Bruyas, who was stretched on the mat next to his, while on the next slept Father Fremin.

"We had better tread softly with this big chief," he said. "He does not like us even a little. We must not get the Christians here into trouble until we see just how far we can go. The sorcerers will hate us, too, and we had best go secretly at first among the scattered prisoners and Christians."

"Yes, Jean, that is so. Did you notice the young squaw who waited on us? The one with the pockmarks on her face?"

"Yes. Wonder why she seems so different from the others in this lodge. Do you suppose she is a slave?"

"The chief called her his niece. She seems very modest and sweet. Not like a full-blooded Mohawk. But you are right, we must tread softly. Do not address her unless you must. I do not like the look of the chief's eye when he turns it upon her. She's under a cloud."

"Too bad. She might help us. Well, better get a little sleep if we can in this air. Wonder the Indians do not choke from smoke."

He turned over and fell asleep between Father Fremin and a large friendly dog, dreamily wondering why the red men must share their beds with the canine world. Not that he disliked dogs. He just preferred sleeping alone. But here he was, one of about twenty-five, in a one-room lodge, far from the good sisters who mended his clothes and kept him reminded that he was civilized. Pray God he do his work well here, and not come to the same end as Isaac Jogues and René Goupil, twenty years ago.



Tegakouita dropped to sleep also, and it seemed but a moment then the birds called her at four o'clock. Creeping softly out of the cabin she took up her water buckets and went swiftly to the brook. She did not stop this morning to look at her reflection and admire the red and yellow beads her aunt had braided into her hair. She felt like a very different person from the one who had said to her face in the water last September: "You look very nice." She did not care much if she looked nice nowadays. And beads and feathers were not of such importance, though she wore them as did her cousins and other women of the tribe. How different these Fathers wore their hair from Eaglefeather and the men of her nation. She had not thought of it before, but now she wondered why the chief and the rest of the braves wore that bunch of locks waxed upon their crown, so stiff that the two erect sprouts left free were quite strong enough to fasten the feathers upright or slantwise, as the fancy struck them. That was not so important, either. It was important just now only that she get back with her buckets and start the morning repast. She presumed that her aunts and the village women would go as usual to their work in the fields and she would stay behind, in the cabin to do the homework. That would be very pleasant today. How long would the missionaries stay? she wondered and hurried on.

(To be continued)

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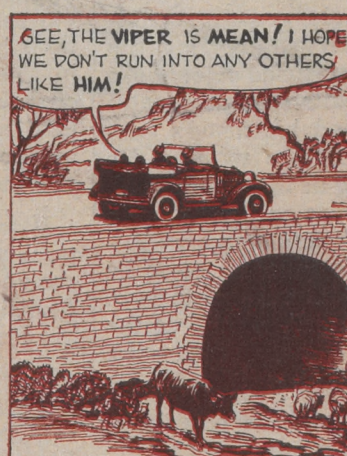
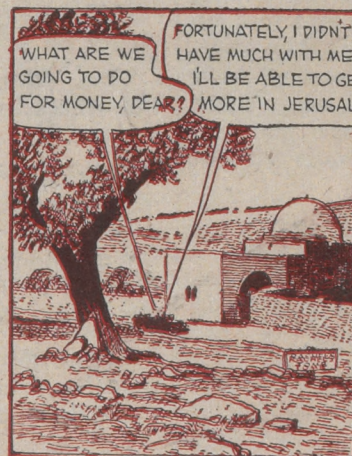
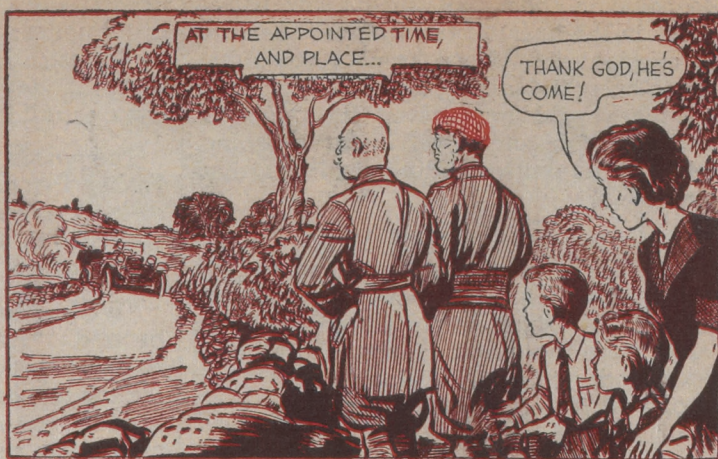
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JACK AND JUDY IN BIBLELAND

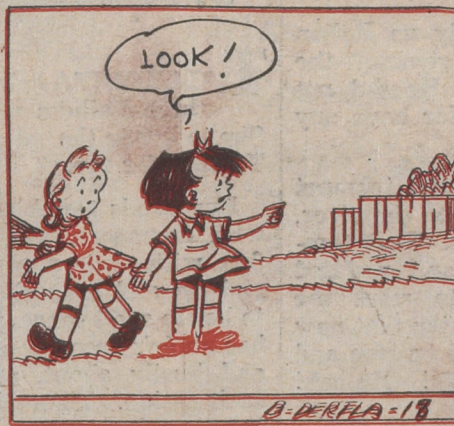
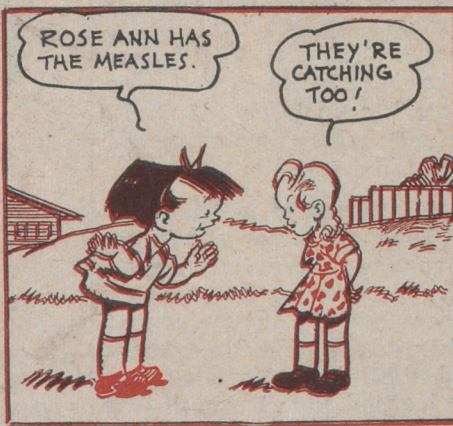
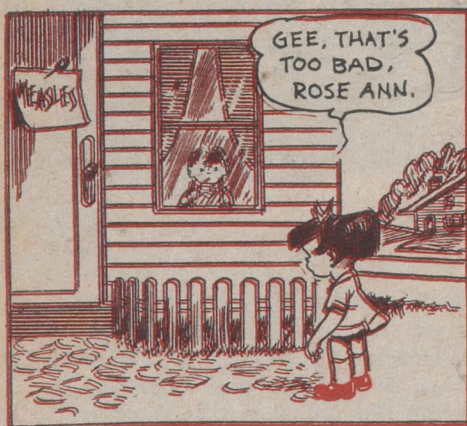
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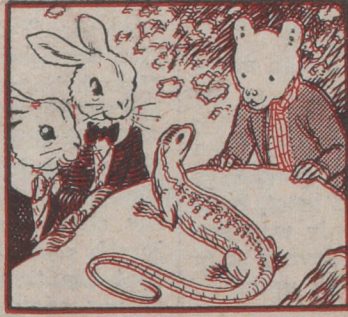
JOE and JUDY—One Way Out

By Wals



RUPERT and MARGOT

*(Canada Wide Features Service)



The little pals are almost too bewildered to think, and Rupert doesn't notice that the lizard has followed him until it appears on a boulder. "Did I hear you talking about earthquakes?" says the creature. "Don't be silly. It's only the giant walking about that makes that hill shake. And I told you not to worry. Even if the giant does find your friend in the cupboard he won't hurt her. He's a kind old thing. All big people are good-natured, aren't they, and he's one of them!"

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Rupert is so relieved at what he has heard that he begs the lizard to tell them some more. "Suppose the giant doesn't find Margot," he says, "how ever can we get her back?" The lizard thinks a moment. "You'd certainly find it hard to follow the giant across that rough country," he says, "but, I tell you what, the river at the bottom of this hill comes from that direction. And take my advice; if you want to enter that dark castle wear your Wellingtons!" Then he turns and disappears.

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Feeling much happier the little friends race back to Nutwood. "I've no idea why the lizard told me to wear Wellingtons," says Rupert, "but I'll go and put mine on. Then I suppose we'd better go to the river and try to get a boat, though it'll be an awful long row, won't it?" "We haven't any Wellingtons," cries Rex, "but we have a boat, and it's a sailing boat. That's much easier than rowing. Come on, Reggie, let's go and get it ready and Rupert will join us."

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Rupert runs to find his Wellingtons, and his story comes tumbling out breathlessly. "I found Margot," he gasps. "She hid in the cupboard of a lovely painted house and a giant came and walked off with it, and the twins have a boat and we're going sailing after her and we may be an awful long time." "Goodness, I can't follow all that," smiles Mrs. Bear, "but you're sure to get hungry. I'd better get you some food for four people, hadn't I?" And she cut him a fine large packet of sandwiches.

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After thanking Mrs. Bear for the big packet of sandwiches, Rupert runs out of the village towards the point on the river where he has arranged to meet the Rabbit twins, and finds that his pals are there before him. "We've only just got the boat here," shouts Rex, "and we've brought a pair of oars in case there isn't enough wind to take us fast enough." "If there isn't much wind the water won't be rough," smiles Rupert as they all get in, hoist the sail and push off upstream.

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